GRATIS PLATE, "CHARLIE DILKE," WITH THIS NUMBER.

Sally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 118.] SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886. [ONE PENNY.

BANK HOLIDAY AT COWES.

"Mamma writes to say, that if things don't alter very soon, she shall try for a judicial separation, or something of the sort. That Lardi Longsox, it appears, is down at Cowes, and Papa's carryings on have naturally upset Mamma very much. The other day Alexandry took it on himself to remonstrate with Papa. He now says it's the first time he ever did such a thing, and it will certainly be the last."—TOOTSIE.

SLOPER'S SILHOUETTES.

No. 1.—*Bank Holiday Story in Three Chapters*

CHAPTER I.—The Rescue.

CHAPTER II.—The plot thickens.

CHAPTER III.—All's well that ends well.

A LAWLESS COUNTER-JUMPER.

MR. JONATHAN SIMPSON, Junior, was an apprentice to a linendraper, and after serving his time, his father gave him £1500 to commence business for himself.

In a short time, however, Simpson sold off the stock, and having shut up shop, went away with what money he could raise, and when this was exhausted, went to the highway, committed a robbery, was apprehended, and would certainly have been hanged, had not some of his rich relations procured a reprieve, which arrived at Tyburn just when the rope was about his neck.

Returned to Newgate, the turnkey refused to receive him, saying, he was sent to be executed, and that he was discharged of him, and would not permit him to enter without a new warrant. Upon which Simpson exclaimed,

"What an unhappy cast off dog am I, that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one day refuse to entertain me! Well, I'll mend my manners for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at them both, next time I am brought hither."

With this highly laudable intention, Mr. Simpson once more took to the road, and one day robbed a gentleman of a purse full of counters, which he supposed were gold. He kept them in his pocket, always anxiously looking out for his benefactor.

About four months after he met him upon Bagshot Heath,

riding in a coach: "Sir," said he, "I believe you made a mistake the last time I had the happiness of seeing you, in giving these pieces. I have been troubled ever since, lest you should have wanted them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them; only, for my care, I require you to come this moment out of your coach, and give me your breeches, that I may search them at leisure, and not trust any more to your generosity, lest you should mistake again."

A pistol enforced his demand, and Simpson found a gold watch, a gold snuff-box, and ninety-eight guineas, with five jacobuses.

In the end, however, Newgate's gates once more closed upon our illustrious hero, and he was hanged as soon as possible. His historian gives no date.

* * * * * *

"'Twas seemingly a short life, even if a merry one," said Alexandry, in a tone which was of the saddest. "I have sometimes wondered, William, whether, after all, honesty may not really be the best policy. Let us cease the perusal of the Chronicles of Crime, and buy a book about good boys who have risen to be great men. I saw one yesterday in a shop window, and 'twas but a shilling."

"Do you happen to have a shilling?" asked the other.

"No," said Alexandry, with a sigh.

"There are two tizzies and a three-penny bit, with a hole in it, in Evelina's money-box," murmured the Blood-Stained. "Where's Aunty's scissors?"

(A surpriser next week.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "The Family," will be answered in due course.

Loftus Patton Perkins (Kilburn, N.W.)—*Sorry to say your sketch is declined with thanks, but glad that you found the "Relics" a "treat." We really cannot give you the "Award of Merit," unless you do something to deserve it.*——Tom Russell (Mabledon Place, W.C.)—*Declined with thanks. If you want your MS. returned, you must send stamps for postage.*——Anon.—*"The Medium and Daybreak" to hand, but reading it has made* Ally *feel very uncomfortable; for if the spirits of the "departed" visit this earth, there are a few that* Ally *wouldn't like to meet.*——T. A. Bondin (Graham Street, Edinburgh).—*Tootsie sends her love and poor Papa's autograph, and is charmed with your lines, but regrets there is not room for them in the "*Half-Holiday*."*——Bertie (Althorne).—*Tootsie thanks you for the handkerchief.*——W. J. L. Phipps (Adelphi, W.C.)—*Your lines are declined with thanks.*——A.—*No room for your sketch, "The Eminent's Brace."*—Edward Athwoollu.—*Crowded out.*——G. Y. White (Prince of Wales, Queen's Road, St. John's Wood).—*It is kind of you to place a chromo of the Eminent in your saloon bar. He is the greatest man in the world, "bar" none. Sorry we can't give you the "Award of Merit."*——Master Frank Hudson (Abergavenny).—*We have looked at the pattern, and think your perseverance makes you a pattern for all boys to follow.*——Tibbertiwiggett.—Ally *thanks you for the pancake. He has placed it among his "Relics."*——A Labatorian (Royal Laboratory, Woolwich Arsenal).—Ally's *all right now, thanks.*——Jim Gin-e-rous.—*Thanks for your invitation to attend at The Co-operative Gin Society, Limited, which the Eminent hopes to be able to accept. The only thing he doesn't like about it is the word "limited."*——Brewer & Co. (447 Caledonian Road).—*Thanks for the "Dear Old* Ally Sloper *Puzzle," the puzzle being to find his bottle.* Ally *fervently hopes no one will do so.*——Henrietta Bowley (Stratford, Bucks.).—*Your sketch is not of the slightest use to us.*——Fellow of the Order of Cobwebs.—*You certainly have not the right to append F.O S. to your name if you have not been presented with the "Award of Merit."*——F. Randall ("Foresters' Arms," Chatham).—*You, like millions of others, will be happy now you know that* A. Sloper *is* not *dead.*——F. C. Randall (Birmingham).—*"Mrs. Grundy" is the only one of the fair sex that* Ally *positively dislikes.*——W. Thompson (Chelsea, S.W.).—*Declined with thanks.*——Incognito.—*Very funny.*——"One of the Unemployed."—*The waistcoat you send is too ragged for "The Relics"; indeed, you deserve a "jacketing" for sending it.*——Laughing Joe (Great Marylebone Street).—*Sorry, but we really have not time to refer back to such old dates. Compete in our "Prize Competitions." "Mefistofeles."*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

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SLOPER'S SEA-SIDERS.

—£1 : 1 : 0—

And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *will be given for the best Seven-Line Verse on*

MARGATE

Each line to commence with the letter as shown hereunder:—

M .....
A .....
R .....
G .....
A .....
T .....
E .....

Most of the Members of "The Family" being out of town just now, please address all Competitions:—

MARGATE,
"The Seasiderie,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close this day,* Saturday, July 31st.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

One day a somewhat prosy leading article writer entered Dick's Coffee House during a heavy shower of rain.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" He didn't say this; he used rather stronger language, but this will express his meaning. "What shall I do?" he exclaimed, "I am wet through to the skin."

"Sit down, sir," observed Dr. Johnson, "and commence writing; you will soon be dry enough in all conscience."

* *

What, if you please, is the difference between your mother's brother and your mother's sister? Give it up?—Well, the one, you see, is an uncle, and the other ar'n't.

* *

How do you know for certain sure that one of the unfortunate over-driven donkeys on Ramsgate sands cannot stop without being ill-treated?—Why, because, don't you see, he will then be *ass-halted!*

* *

"I had nine children to support, but one of my daughters married, and now——"

"You have only eight."

"Who says so? I've ten. There's hers now."

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 118.—The "Bank Holiday" Costume.

A "HOME RULE" QUESTIONER.
"My dear sir," said O'Shane to Mr. Gladstone, "tell me, should we put, in making grog, the spirits to the water, or the water to the spirits?"

AFRICAN BATHERS.
"With their eagerness for imitating Europeans, the Blacks assume bathing costumes similar to the English."—*Shoe Lane Clipper.*

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM A. SLOPER'S "CRICKET GUIDE."
"A sharp cut for two."

BOBBY "ON THE JOB."
Observe the fetching manner in which he tickles Cookee under the chin.

James thinking of the "tips"

Some tradesmen are too wickedly pushing. A melancholy-looking gentleman went into a shop recently, and purchased a corkscrew. "We've some lovely razors in stock, sir," said the vendor of cutlery; "let me show a few." "What do I want with a razor?" replied the melancholy-looking gentleman, with a sad smile. "Don't you see that I wear the hair on my face?" "Very true, sir," remarked the pushing tradesman; "but, ahem! you looked so unhappy, sir, that I thought a razor might be useful. Pray look over our stock—charming variety of hollow-ground, I assure you."

* *

A veteran suggests drill as a school punishment for tiresome boys. It certainly would be a "punishment?" most lads would thoroughly enjoy. Nothing delights the majority of youngsters more than playing at soldiers, except seeing their schoolfellows flogged.

* *

A friend of dogs thinks that the best way to render wild bow-wows harmless is to file down their canine teeth. Another doggy party suggests continual doses of bark as an excellent remedy for ferocity in these animals. We've always found a heavy life-preserver or a loaded revolver quite sufficient for our purpose, when treating a savage bow-wow.

* *

Air.—"*British Grenadiers.*"

Hot brandy, "Scotch," and paddywhacks,
With bitter and Burton beers;
Then the constables soon turned their backs
To the British Grenadiers.
Oh! 'tis ever sweet to kick and beat,
And pull civilians' ears;
As round we roll, drink wakes the soul
Of British Grenadiers.

* *

While a negro was being roasted alive, a few weeks back, by some virtuous Americans, an aged squatter sniffed the air with a soft sad smile, turned his eyes upwards, and remarked, "Guess it's good; but it dew lack the scint of sage an' onions sadly, I reckin."

* *

A wealthy American wishes to obtain a divorce from his wife because the lady has got into the habit of bringing home large quantities of old iron, cast-off boots and shoes, hare-skins and rabbit-skins, which she obtains in some mysterious manner without cash. Likewise, she nearly fills the house with wooden paving blocks, which he strongly suspects she annexes. Had this lady married a humble dealer in marine stores instead of a wealthy merchant, she would have possibly found an affectionate and appreciative husband. Truly marriage is a mere lottery.

* *

Coming up in the train the other morning, a hollow-eyed, melancholy-looking man was seated in the corner of the carriage, and during the course of the journey he went to sleep.

At Vauxhall the collector put his head into the window as usual, and called out, "Tickets, please."

"No, you don't!" exclaimed the passenger, evidently from force of habit, for he was still more asleep than awake. "No more tick at this shop! Pay up, or you don't have the goods."

* *

It seems from recent statistics that Quakers as a rule attain a ripe old age. This is not because as babies they are fed on "drab-coloured pap," and are taught to say their prayers with exemplary regularity. It is in consequence of their wives and daughters being trained to cook properly, in preference to their studying dancing, oil-painting, Greek, and political economy.

* *

Ah, me! when I was young and fair,
'Tis, oh! a weary while ago now;
In curls I wore my auburn hair—
I don't exactly wear it so now.

I'm thin a-top, I'm sad at heart,
I find of late I don't grow younger;
Though, as of old, I feel love's smart,
I've lost the luxury of hunger.

Gone, gone for aye, sweet childhood's days,
And, though since then I've lived in clover,
I can but look back with amaze
On childhood's love of jam turnover.

* *

The gambling stockbrokers of New York play ninepins with magnums of champagne. Much wine is wasted nightly and daily by this foolish "sport?" The men who indulge in such wretched tom-foolery have mostly risen from the gutter. "Put a beggar on horse-back," etc.

* *

A gentleman, who wants to know, seems a little uncertain whether he is entitled to dismiss his maid-servant at a moment's notice if she refuses to fetch beer for him. Whether he is entitled or not, we deduct he would show wisdom in casting forth such an unreliable domestic. Bless us! what manner of use would such a damsel be if a nasty prying man happened to call with a writ. Gracious! she might hail him in gleefully. And perhaps go and fetch *him* beer—who knows!

* *

A savage African monarch has gone rather actively to work in liquor legislation. This potentate has announced his intention of confiscating all alcoholic fluid belonging to his subjects, having it removed to the royal cellars, and placing it at the disposal of the Court. And he has issued a stringent proclamation to the effect that any of the lower orders found drunk, without his Most Gracious Majesty's special permission and license, will suffer the penalty of death.

* *

"General" Booth mourns that the liberty of the citizen is not respected in the States. He arrives at this conclusion because his creatures are not allowed to make themselves objectionable there. Certainly Republican "liberty" is generally synonymous with tyranny, but the fact of the Yankees refusing to submit to the annoyance of "General" Booth's screeching mob, hardly proves that freedom in America is a myth.

* *

Many and various are the devices for teaching "the young idea how to shoot," but what is really the easiest and simplest way of teaching your baby to walk?—Why, just hand him over to a *step*-mother.

* *

A little darling once I knew
Was most tremendous with her cue;
But ere with you she would contend,
Elaborately chalked the end;
Then fell in attitudes delicious,
And took your poor dear "life" most vicious!
Although but rarely out of "pocket,"
When playing with—say, "Lucy Locket,"
A single game I never won,
From dawn of day to set of sun;
And, I may add, of living misses,
None I e'er knew so free with "kisses."

N.B.—For the benefit of strict heads of families in remote districts, I may mention that "kisses" is a mere allegorical kind of term, and perfectly proper.

* *

A bishop, who has resided for fifteen years in a nice, comfortable lunatic asylum, has been cured of his cranks by cocaine. Whilst in the madhouse he chiefly occupied his time by playing on the jew's-harp, concertina, and Scotch bagpipes. Now, the mere sight of either of these instruments causes him to tremble terribly, and faint on the spot. Verily, his friends have just cause to believe firmly in his intellect having returned.

* *

An irritable gentleman talks of presenting a Bill to the new Parliament to render the fearful howling of "Milk-eeow! milk-eeow!" at early morn a penal offence punishable with two years' hard labour, and thirty-six lashes with the cat.

TOOTSIE AT WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

Very probably the natives of Clacton look down upon Walton for being only on the Naze, instead of on the Sea. To others than natives, however, there would appear to be much of a muchness about both these popular bathing places. The residents in Ramsgate run down Margate, and *vice versâ*. "Walton-le-Soken," says the Gazetteer, is "a village and parish in the county of Essex, situated under Naze Point, to the south of Harwich. It was formerly much more considerable than at present, having been partly destroyed by the encroachments of the sea."

The Dook fishing by the Pier.

A naze is a nose, so called from the shape of the promontory to the north of the town. Bob says poor Pa's nose gives one a good idea of *Le Soken*.

The Royal, at which we are staying, used to be advertized as being fifty yards from the German Ocean, but I can't say I have measured the distance, having left my inch tape at home in the workbox. The sands at Walton are advertised as the best in England for bathing. At Brooke's bazaar you may buy newspapers, and articles fancy and useful, and views and souvenirs of Walton.

There are a goodish number of visitors down here, including a detachment of the Salvation Army, who make things pleasant on the Green. The proprietors of lodging-houses at several of what were once quiet watering places have a good deal to thank the Army for, it seems to me.

Bob says there are some pretty walks round about here, but I don't quite see the fun of spoiling one's boots in that way, so we have drives instead. Frinton is a pretty little place well worth going to see.

Indeed, with agreeable companions, and *not* three selfish and somewhat dull men, the place would be most enjoyable.

Billy lends a hand on the Sands.

As every well-regulated girl knows, there are several Waltons in England, with populations ranging from one hundred to seven thousand, and two counties of Walton in the United States—one in Georgia, and one in Florida, but there is only one Walton-on-the-Naze. Everyone knows Walton-on-Thames, which is about sixteen miles out of London, on the South-Western Line. Poor Pa, in his earlier days, often visited the latter. For my part, however, I prefer the seaside, when you meet nice people.

There, dears, you'll find quite a practical lesson in geography in the foregoing "par," as Poor Pa terms a sentence.

The Dook Snook and Hon. Billy both declare that the other Waltons are not worthy of particular notice; and I really think we have all, so far, enjoyed our stay at "on-the-Naze." But who can say what a day will bring forth? Personally, I have a very strong presentiment.

The pier is jolly, particularly on a moonlight night, when the band is playing, or it's not so bad, either, without so much moon.

In the day time, the Dook uses the side of the pier to fish from, and is in hopes of really catching something, if we stop down here long enough. Poor Billy seems rather dull, and, to while away the time, has been lately lending a hand with the bathing machines. He says he weighs half-a-stone less than when he came down. His appetite is still hearty.

More Crabs at Walton-on-the-Naze.

* * * *

An awful thing has just happened. That stupid Bob, who can't row a little bit, would take me out in a boat. Why I ever consented to such a piece of madness I can't imagine. Anyhow, I did, and how it will all end I know not.

* * * * * * *

Five minutes ago Bob caught a crab, and fell into the water, taking both oars with him.

Whether he is drowned or not, I can't say.

I am floating out to sea.

I commit this to the wild waves in a bottle.

* * * * * *

"I go with the times."—A. SLOPER.

TWENTY
REAL SILVER
KEYLESS WATCHES
GIVEN AWAY
EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH.

Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

Commencing with this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY,"

TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES

will be given away every week to Subscribers to the Paper only.

Each watch is Real Silver *(not Nickel Silver) and will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of* A. SLOPER, ESQ., *Friend of Man. The way to obtain a "Sloper" Watch is to purchase a copy of* "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," *and cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it in an envelope to:—*

"SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
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Of course the number of Applications will be greatly in excess of the number of Watches given away each week. But inasmuch as no Subscriber will ever receive more than one Watch, in course of time every Purchaser of "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" *who wants a* "Sloper" *Watch will get one. The qualifications of the Applicant, as stated on Label, will be the Judges' guide.*

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," July 31st, 1886.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Age.....

Occupation, if any.....

How long a Subscriber to the "Half-Holiday".....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," *giving the Names and Addresses of the Successful Competitors, also their Qualification.* "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" *is Published Every Thursday, at Two o'clock, and all Applications must be at "The Sloperies" by the following Wednesday evening. The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, August 4th, 1886.*

*** A Specimen "SLOPER" WATCH is on view at "The Sloperies," and the Proprietor is anxious to impress upon the Public the fact that the Watches are REAL SILVER AND NOT NICKEL SILVER.

THE RAILWAY ALPHABET.

A 's the addition to charges too high;
B is the "block" that will come by-and-bye;
C is the cattle maltreated most sore;
D is the damage the owners deplore;
E is the ease with which mishaps befall;
F is the food which "refreshments" they call,
G is the goose who can stomach it all;
H is the hurry when things are behind,
I is the injury directors don't mind;
J is the judge who the case has to take;
K 's the keen trick which the case is to shake;
L is the lawyer, so clever and 'cute,
M is the money he gets by the suit;
N is the normal condition of things;
O 's the obstruction, collisions that brings;
P 's the policeman, rotund and sedate;
Q is the query why trains are so late;
R is the roundabout answer you get;
S is the standing so long in the wet;
T is the temper you're tempted to get in;
U Well, that's you, kept a-waiting and frettin';
V 's the valise that you left in the train,
W 's the worry to get it again (Moral, and most likely you never do get it again);
X the 'xactness you'd like, but don't find;
Y is the yawn to relieve your poor mind;
Z is the zany the train left behind.

A "GRAVE" CASE.

A sister recently sued a brother for funeral expenses she had incurred, *per* agreement, in burying the remains of another relative. The mourners had evidently thoroughly enjoyed themselves on the day of the funeral, as one item in the bill represented nine gallons of beer. Nothing like a funeral for subdued, but unadulterated festivity!

PLAYED AT ALL THE WATERING-PLACES.

ALLY SLOPER'S WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES GODFREY,
BANDMASTER OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS,

The separate scores for Brass and String Bands *are now ready, and will be forwarded,*

FREE OF CHARGE,

to any Bandmaster, Professional or Amateur, on application to

"THE BANDMASTER,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE LADY SOCIALIST.

The Honourable Hermione jumped from her chair, and neatly and skilfully doing a breakdown on the footstool, burst into a gleeful cry—

"I shall go in for politics, pa, dear."

"Wearing primrose league flowers wouldn't become you, Hermione."

Lord Bacarat smiled sadly at his sweet daughter.

"Lor', pa, dear, how stupid you are," said Hermione. "I mean to go in for being advanced. I mean to go and see Messrs. Williams, and Hyndman and Burns. I shall write and tell them that at the next meeting I shall go dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, and ride in a car in front of the procession."

"I shall go in for politics, pa, dear."

"You never seem to be happy without wanting a new dress," and his lordship sighed.

"I shan't want a new dress. I shall put on the red silks I had when I played Mephistopheles in Lady Hildeyarde's burlesque, and wear a red nightcap. I shall be all there, pa dear!"

The proud noble sighed. His daughter was the apple of his eye, and never would he do anything to thwart her innocent amusements.

So the great day came.

On one of Mr. John Sanger's brightest gilt cars there stood the lovely Hermione—a sweet mixture of a red, red rose—Madame Jullien, Charlotte Corday, Miss Nellie Farren as Mephistopheles and the Tinted Venus was she.

Cheer upon cheer rent the skies. Cheer upon more cheer rent the skies. As the procession passed that gorgeous palace of splendour, the Sloperies, the blaring of the trumpets, the tones of the gay *merlitons* so shook the building that the relics of the Double Extra Grandest of Old Men leapt upon their gold and velvet cushions.

Tears fell from the eyes of the spectators in the upper windows and pouring down the grand façade of the noblest building in London, swept down the gutter in Shoe Lane, so that the long train of *Standard* pony carts floated into Fleet Street.

Beneath the mighty column of Nelson Hermione stood. The sweetest Gaiety page (even the mashers) was not equal to her. She did a few steps of an elegant breakdown, and then waved a red flag.

"Men of England!" she cried.

"Men of England!" she cried.

"Hooroar for tights and freedom!" someone shouted.

"I shall lead you to liberty."

Then, with stentorian shouts of joy, the crowd sang, "We've got no work to do," and "Oh, you girls, you naughty young girls!"

The great Socialist leaders were in front. They cried, "Don't break the windows. Don't steal the old gentlemen's watches. Don't put anybody in the fountains."

A haughty British female, of middle-class respectability, stood on the steps of her dwelling house.

"Liberty, equal rights, and share all round!" cried Hermione. She dashed towards the middle-class female. In a second that middle-class female was down on the pavement. In another second a broken dress-improver was borne on the top of the allegorical spear of Hermione through the crowd.

Late that night Hermione arrived home. She was followed by a lordly-minded coster, who bore in his barrow any amount of silk hose, "Swan-bills," parasols, *peignoirs*, fans, frills, "Bloom of Ninon," hair combs, &c., as her share of the plunder.

"Oh, pa, dear," cried the sweet girl, as she sat down in a gorgeous Chinese satin *fauteuil*, "it's better fun than amateur acrobating, and circus business isn't in it."

* * * * * *

This is a bad, wicked, naughty, ought-to-be-smacked world. Many dear little girls say this when their gilt boot-laces arrive too late at the "Friv."

Poor Hermione is now, alas, a prisoner in Holloway Gaol. She occupies the same chamber as that held by Mr. Stead and Mr. Edmund Yates.

A prisoner in Holloway Gaol.

She had burnt all the MS. left behind by Mr. Stead. She had treasured up the cigar-ash left by Mr. Yates, and used it as tooth-powder. "To think that dear, good man should have ever been shut up here," she said.

She sent to the Home Secretary to know if she might have any little extra comforts.

He sent her back a silver-bound banjo, two vols. of "Ally," six pounds of Nougat, Daudet's *Sappho*, sixteen pairs of sky-blue silks, and a tame linnet.

Everyone came to see her. Processions of celebrities constantly streamed up the Camden Road to Holloway—William Vernon Harcourt, Mrs. Weldon, Mr. William Holland, Mr. Burns, Sir Charles Dilke, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Commissioner for City Sewers.

"Socialism," she said, "is the only perfect life. The world should be one great big kiss-in-the-ring. Ain't I a dear good little girl to say so?"

Yet some people in society would spank her—morally.

MOSES'S ARTFUL TOP.

1. "All the art lies in the way you wind him up. Keep your eye on me, ALLY."

2. "When once you've got hold of the trick, you'll have 'em alive. Keep your eye on me."

3. "Now for it!" [Poor ALLY, he is walking about now with his nose in a sling!]

BIG IDEAS AT BOURNEMOUTH.
Little Algy. Jump, darling! I will catch you.

EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH PRINCES.
Poor old Bull is aroused from his slumbers to receive another refugee into his hospitable establishment.

FROM EARLY INFANCY.
Almost from babyhood the gentle sex study the science of dress Here are two, aged respectively four and six years, deep in the pages of a fashion journal. "When I'm grown up, I shall wear a train like that, only so long—so long." "Me too, only longer."

THE BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSION

8 a.m. Train starts
Books of hatred are exchanged

8.10 a.m. Train stops. Newspapers unfurled.

8.40 a.m. Politics discussed.

9 a.m. A difference about the window.

10 a.m. Distribution of tracts. Train still stationary.

10.45 a.m. Concertinas produced.
Train backs into a shed.

11.15 a.m. Passengers thaw out Train really starts.

PROGRESS AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL.
Lady Patroness. Now, Jane Higgins, can you tell me what is meant by the fall?
Jane (*the top of her class*). Oh, e'es, 'm. That there thing on your bonnet, 'm.

BANK HOLIDAY IN THE EAST END.
Coster Jim enjoying himself in his own way.

LAWN TENNIS TERMS.—"An effective service."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
Distinguished Exile. Is it zat I would a new coat? Mais oui, but a coat proper as wintaire. In ze dog day you have give me a coat to freeze, and I have not freeze at all.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here you have before you, Ladies and Gentlemen, *Glorious Goodwood, the Discovery of Fanny and Charlie, the Spiers and Pondian Dinners, the merry Bank Holiday, the End of the Elections,* and *Further Riots in Ireland.* What more do you want? For greater attractions see next week's "HALF-HOLIDAY."

EXTRACT FROM OUR LAWYER'S DIARY.
"While in my private room chief clerk asked me if his back parting was straight. Confound his impudence!"

AT DOVER.—"Come along, Lou. Some of them Mossoos'll be jolly bad to-day; let's go and call pork fat at 'em!"

BANK HOLIDAY PASTIME.
Quill has a go at "*three-a-penny;*" just for a little exercise, you know.

THE SEA! THE SEA!

A SEASONABLE SONG.

1. Sixpence a head—no extra charge if you're poorly. Of course, it's awfully jolly, though, and does you a deal of good.

2. "Of course it's not as easy to some people to row on the sea as in fresh water, but when you're used to it ——" And those were the very words he was saying at the very moment.

3. "You ain't the first gent as hasn't caught nothink, by a long way. I shouldn't take on, sir, if I was you." "Confound you!" said Old Bodger, "keep your confounded consolation to your confounded self."

ALLY CAMPANE.

Round goes the teetotum once again. What's it going to be? We all try to be pretty clever in our prophecies, but the fact is, honestly speaking, we none of us know anything about it. Whether Conservative, Liberal Unionist, Gladstonite, or Parnellite, what on earth does it matter, as long as "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" comes out regularly every Saturday, and bangs all feeble and flabby imitations into a cocked hat? As the Glenfield starch man used to say, "*When you ask for* Sloper, *see that you get him.*" Mrs. Langtry has just written up to "The Sloperies" to say that "She prefers Ally's 'ope to any other, and that Pears', for the future, can take second place." Thank you, Lillie!

* * *

When Mrs. Crawford went into the witness-box the other day, she said she saw Sir Charles Dilke in 1881, soon after her marriage, when he made love to her, and kissed her. Charley, Charley, how about the milk after this?

* * *

James Junior was recently committed by the magistrates at Windsor to a lunatic asylum. He was found one Friday afternoon in the upper ward of Windsor Castle. It appeared that he had written a letter to the Queen proposing marriage, and he desired an interview to receive her answer. What a lark if Her Majesty had accepted him! He would then have ceased to be a *Junior*, and become a *Queen's Counsel*.

* * *

Although we are well in to the seaside season, up to now nothing has been said in the papers about the Merry Mermaid or the Lugubrious Sea Serpent. Is it because so much has had to be written about the elections, or is it that Mermaidens are more bashful than they used to be, and Sea Serpents more doubtful as to whether leaders will be written in their honour? The Hon. Billy says, "Blow the Sea Serpents; but, hang it all, lets have a Mermaiden now and then."

* * *

Muscular Christianity has, during the recent sports at Chatteris, come undoubtedly to the front. The Church and the cricket-field have met together, and Churchman and Cricketer have, metaphorically, kissed each other. The programme set forth that the sports would commence with a procession from the field to the church for Divine Service, and that the tug-of-war between drinkers and abstainers would, like other subsequent proceedings, be under the patronage of the vicar. The programme does not say whether a sermon was to be included in the parson's contribution to the sports, but if one were delivered, it is to be hoped it was not of a length which would be sport to the preacher but death to the cricketer. After this, the Church and Stage Guild can take a back seat.

* * *

One of the saddest commentaries ever written upon our present system of military service was found in the pocket of a discharged soldier who committed suicide a few days ago. "Died of a broken heart. Unable to find employment," were the words. Surely some means might be devised for giving soldiers work on their leaving the army, before they have had time to spend their deferred pay.

* * *

The rain which has fallen throughout Kent during the past few days, has been productive of an enormous amount of good. In many cases, but for the rain, farmers must have lost hundreds of pounds. One fruit-grower, near Sevenoaks, says the rain has saved him close upon £500. Baskets of fruit may be addressed, carriage paid, to the Eminent, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

* * *

The riots which occurred in Belfast, recently, were certainly as serious as any ever witnessed there. A very large section of the town was for hours in possession of infuriated mobs, who frequently proved that they were able to put the constabulary to flight. The Roman Catholics, by their attack on the Orange band, no doubt commenced the disturbances, and the opposite party decided upon retaliation. The police suffered very severely, and so did Mr. Patrick Flanagan O'Flaherty, who received a tatur in the eye.

* * *

The city of Paris has become lately the possessor of a remarkable collection of documents, which will have great interest in years to come for historical investigators. This is the series of death-warrants, extending from the 7th of April, 1808, to the 8th of December, 1832, belonging to Sanson, the notorious headsman of the Revolution. The collection is bound up in nineteen volumes, and Sanson has prefixed to each volume a summary of the contents. It appears that during twenty-five years he executed 7,143 capital sentences, being an average of 217 executions each year. What a day he must have had!

Wake up, boys! Bank Holiday is once more upon us, and remember, too, the last one this year. Now's your chance! Don't forget to go in for ladies' tormentors, plank down your stivers and don't mind the police; if they attempt to stop you, sit on them. Remember you are Englishmen, and, as such, will not be downtrodden. Lastly, be sure not to go home without getting jolly drunk; it's a fine thing, especially the next morning.

* * *

Among ingenious manufacturers, Frederick Iles, of Birmingham, ranks high. The variety of his productions greatly pleases the lady members of the "Sloper family," and Tootsie advises all well-regulated girls to buy the "Queen's Own Toilet Companion."

* * *

Those who are desirous of spending a jolly day may do so at the North Woolwich Gardens, where fanciful varieties are provided by Chas. R. Ackland. The Grand Masquerade Ball and Garden Party, on the 22nd, was awfully "rekerkay," and the girls—well, there——.

* * *

A farmer, named Polglase, residing at Breage, eight miles from Penzance, saw, early the other morning, an object, whether man or woman he could not tell, lying in his hayrick. He went back to his house, took a furze-cutting axe, returned to the hayrick, and dealt the figure a heavy blow. He then went for a policeman. Shortly afterwards the body of a navvy, with his brains knocked out, was found in the hayrick. Polglase was taken into custody by the policeman.

* * *

We are face to face with two facts—the demand of Russia for the district of Khoja Saleh, or the best part of it, and the demonstration, oft-repeated, that agreements with Russia are only worthless paper. Under these circumstances, the plain duty of the English Government is to think mainly of the interests and good opinion of our allies, the Afghans. Their belief in us is already shaken. We have given up much of theirs and obtained nothing in return.

* * *

Relative to the Indian wheat crop for the season 1885-86, it is said that the normal area under wheat in India is believed to be about 26,000,000 acres, of which the average outturn is estimated roughly at 7,135,000 tons. The whole area cultivated in the year 1885-86 is estimated to have been approximately 27,392,742 acres, with a yield of about 7,739,424 tons. What do our English farmers say to this?

* * *

The arrival of "the first herring" at Vlaardingen is a great event in Holland, and is duly chronicled in the Dutch journals. This pioneer of "the great fishery," as the Dutch call their herring-trade, appeared a few days ago. The selected fish, the first fruits of the herring-harvest, is always solemnly declared to be "the property of the King of the Netherlands. The fishermen would look upon it as a sort of treason and impiety for any lesser Dutchman to eat it. The fish is wrapped in a silken flag bearing the national colours, and conveyed along the road in solitary grandeur to the royal palace at the Hague. There's not much grandeur about when Ally does the gentle whelk off the "barrer," outside the Dogs' Home.

* * *

Mr. Macleay, who is known as the "Anglo-Cossack," and who is now in St. Petersburg, proposes to take a number of Russian emigrants to New Guinea, to found the first Russian colony beyond the seas. Mr. Macleay has held several interviews with those anxious to accompany him, and 240 persons have already signified their readiness to seek their fortunes with him. As far as Englishmen are concerned, we don't mind saying that we should all feel grateful if Mr. Macleay would take the whole Russian nation and drown them.

* * *

Lardi Longsox says the advance of the ladies is as marvellous as it is irresistible. Here is Miss Dolores Lleonart-y-Casanovas, M.D., who has just taken her doctor's degree at Barcelona. She began her university studies at the age of eight, when thirteen she became a B.A., and now, at the ripe age of nineteen, after coming out first in all her examinations, and taking numerous prizes, she is a fully qualified physician and surgeon. Fancy a female B.A. of thirteen discoursing on hideous diseases with six-syllabled names, and correctly diagnosing and prescribing for her brothers and sisters.

* * *

Many an old playgoer will be delighted to renew his acquaintance with Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, now playing at the Vaudeville. Some people may think Mr. Warner's Charles Dornton errs from excess of animation. But no actors now can interest in old comedy except they act, and in these days a little extra enthusiasm is far better than an extra dose of milk and water. Mr. S. Alport, with his pleasant smile, is all there at the front of the house.

* * *

The Race over the Thames Championship Course, between Peter Kemp, an Australian, and George Perkins, of Rotherhithe, the English champion, for £100 a side, happily terminated in another victory for old England. Go it, Perkins!

* * *

The wife of Daniel Robinson, a labourer of Milton, near Northampton, gave birth recently to four children. The first survived only a few hours, the others were still-born. The mother expired the same day. Upon the particulars of the case being reported to the Queen by Mr. J. A. Bennett, relieving officer and registrar, the sum of £2 was immediately forwarded by Sir H. F. Ponsonby, for which the poor man was extremely grateful. It has been suggested that Robinson should have the "Sloper Award of Merit," but Ally very naturally asks, *What for?*

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A Calendar for the Week Ending August 7th.

1st August, 1884.—Lammas Day. It is one of the four *cross quarters* of the year, the other three being Whitsuntide, Martinmas, and Candlemas. Some rents are still payable on these days in England, and they are the terms generally in force in Scotland. The name is a corruption of the Saxon *hlaf-masse*, "the loaf mass," a festival held at the beginning of the harvest. The charter for Exeter Lammas fair was perpetuated by a glove of immense size, stuffed and carried through the city on a long pole, decorated with ribbons, flowers, &c., and attended with music, parish beadles, and the nobility. It was afterwards placed on the top of the Guildhall, and then the fair began. On the taking down of the glove, the fair terminated. A bolder meaning is attached to it by Johnson, who makes it a corruption of *Lattermath*, or *second-mowing*. The proverb, "*At latter Lammas*," like the Roman *ad Græcas calendas*, is a euphemism for *never*.

1st August, 1870.—Mrs. Marke, of Woodhill, Liskeard, and a guide, were this day lost in a snow crevasse, while descending the slope of Le Corridor height, Mont Blanc.

2nd August, 1788.—Thomas Gainsborough, the eminent painter, died on this day. His last words were:—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party." Uninfluenced by the foreign artists, Gainsborough developed a style "pure in its English feeling, profound in its seriousness, graceful in its gaiety." Ruskin says:—"Gainsborough is the greatest colourist since Rubens, and the last, I think, of the legitimate colourists." Gainsborough usually worked with cooler tints, and delighted in an enchanting play of blue and silver.

2nd August, 1563.—The great scourge, the *Plague*, began this day in London. There is a story to the effect that a British frigate (the *Indefatigable!*) forming one of the Mediterranean fleet at the time, got the plague on board, and in consequence was ordered to be sunk with all hands aboard; but the crew, receiving timely warning, made their escape by beating through the "Gut" of Gibraltar—a feat that has never been performed since. The story goes on to say that the crew landed on some desolate island, where many of them recovered, and, bringing the ship home, rejoined the service.

3rd August, 1759.—Eugene Aram was this day tried at York Assizes, and found guilty of the murder of Daniel Clark. He attempted suicide after sentence, but survived to be executed, and was gibbeted in Knaresborough Forest. It appears that the picture of his person in the *Newgate Calendar* was the express image of him. He always wore his hat slouched, and in looking behind him, he never turned his head or his person partly round, but always turned round at *once, bodily*. It gives a shock to our modern notions to read that the wretched man was tried on this day (Friday), and hanged on the following Monday; yet the method of our ancestors was probably the more merciful.

3rd August, 1477.—Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, was this day beheaded in Paris. Louis XI., by an unexampled act of barbarity, had the children of his victim placed below the scaffold, so that the blood of their father might trickle on to their heads and stain their garments. They were afterwards taken to the Bastille, where their teeth were torn out with great and protracted suffering.

4th August, 1838.—John Drew Woods, a pedlar, was this day murdered at Dundee, whilst in a state of intoxication. His father and mother were afterwards tried for the crime, and the former condemned to death. *Ped* is an old word for a basket, and is still in use in Norfolk. There is little doubt that *pedlar* is derived from *ped*, in allusion to the basket in which pedlars carry their wares.

4th August, 1845.—The emigrant ship, *Cataraqui*, was this day wrecked, with the loss of 423 of her passengers and crew. During a heavy gale she struck on a reef on the West Coast of King's Island, Bass's Straits, and, being ground to pieces almost instantly by the fury of the waves, there were only nine out of all her company who could manage to keep on pieces of the wreck till the following morning, when they contrived with difficulty to reach the shore.

4th August, 1854.—Experiments were this day made off Portsmouth with the Lancaster gun. The target was one of the Needle rocks. The first and second shots failed; the third, fourth, and fifth took a very high flight, went far above the rocks over the lofty hill on which the lighthouse stands, and damaged that structure on bursting. The terrified inhabitants soon made signals of distress, and the firing was discontinued.

5th August, 1861.—At the close of the second and last of the aristocratic *fêtes* given at Cremorne, Mr. Lythgoe, aëronaut, this day made an ascent in the balloon Royal Normandy. After a voyage of unusual peril a descent was made near Lowestoft. The first ascent of a balloon was in June, 1783, when a fire-balloon, 35 feet in diameter, rose to a height of 1,500 feet. In September of the same year a larger one went up, carrying a sheep, a cock, and a duck, all of which descended in safety. On the following 21st of November, Professor Charles and the Marquis d'Arlandes ascended in a Montgolfier, and remained in the air twenty-five minutes, sailing for some distance in the neighbourhood of Paris. A few days afterwards, 1st of December, Charles, with a companion named Robert, ascended in a balloon filled with hydrogen, and made much in the same manner as at present. The word balloon is from the French *ballon*, a large ball.

5th August, 1600.—It is little known that this day was once observed in England as a holiday, exactly in the same manner as the 5th November, and for a cause of the same nature. On this day King James, then ruling Scotland alone, narrowly escaped death at the hands of two conspirators of his own people—the Earl of Gowrie, and his brother, Alexander Ruthven.

6th August, 1885.—A gentleman, writing from Madrid on this day, says:—"At the bull-fight which took place in Vittoria, a few days ago, a scene occurred which is seldom witnessed on these occasions. The first bull, having been despatched by the *primer espada*, Lagartijo, the carcasses of bull and horses dragged away, and the blood marks covered with fresh sand, the signal was given for the second bull. The beast appeared at the entrance, looking suspiciously around him, and, as a torero ran past him, he rushed out, more like a tiger than a bull, and with such impetus that, clearing the barrier by a flying leap, he alighted in the midst of the terrified crowd. Those nearest to the barrier jumped or fell headlong into the arena, whilst others were tossed into the air. Ladies in the palcos screamed and fainted, while the bull kept driving furiously into confused crowds of men, women, and children, killing some, and wounding others very severely. A company of civil guards, which were drawn up in line to keep order during the bull-fight, ran off. When the bull had cleared half the plaza of its occupants, he paused to take breath and look at the arena, which was full of spectators. Finding at last a gate open, he trotted out to the promenade, sending several men, women and children flying in the air. At last he was brought down by three shots fired at him by a civil guard. When calm had been restored, the people very deservedly hissed the civil guards and toreros for their cowardice."

7th August, 1877.—The first marriage in St. Paul's Cathedral for 120 years was this day solemnized by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The wedding was that of the Lady Mayoress (Miss Ada Louisa White) and Mr. Price.

7th August, 1844.—William Saville was this day executed at Nottingham for the murder of his wife and three children by cutting their throats with a razor. When the drop fell a sudden rush of the crowd took place down a narrow avenue known as Garner's Hill. Some of the foremost stumbled and fell, and, before anything like order could be restored, twelve people were killed, and thirty more or less injured.

7th August, 1882.—At a popular *fête* in the Tuilleries Gardens, an interesting apparatus for the utilisation of solar heat was this day exhibited. A moving reflector concentrated the sun's rays on a boiler, which worked a steam-engine, which was used to set in motion a printing machine.

SAUCY MARGERY.

THE GROWL OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

SAUCY young Margery
turn this way.
Now, what has Margery got to say?
That cheeks are pink and eyes are bright,
That hair is golden and teeth are white,
That troubles are absent and cares sit light,
When hope and youth are dawning.

Saucy Margery's never a fear
As age creeps on that sorrows draw near,
That pink and white will fade away,
That pleasures will fly and cares will stay,
That trusted friends are the first to betray,
When youth and hope are waning.

Saucy Margery's never a thought
That love is purchased and hearts are bought,
That virtue's long since dead and cold,
That truth is bartered and honour sold,
That the key of the world is a key of gold,
Now old time notions have faded.

Saucy Margery, listen to me,
An old, old fellow of eighty-three:
I loved your grandma long ago,
I popped the question, and she said "No."
I'm very well pleased that she answered so,
And really quite contented.

Saucy young Margery, hear me well!
Her loveliness once no words could tell;
Then she married, and soon became
A stout, plain, cross-grained, elderly dame—
I fancy, Margery, you'll do the same,
So don't my words be scorning.

Saucy young Margery now so fair,
Little for old men's twaddle you care;
But now you know the cause I sneer
And say things are not what they appear—
Come Margery, kiss me, my pretty dear!
And don't look so bewildered.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A BRIDEGROOM has been arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, while eating his wedding breakfast. It is stated that "the horse was seized in the midst of the wedding festivities." Apparently the police have been guilty of gross cruelty to animals here, especially towards the horse.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 18, who will inherit £8,000 on her wedding day, would like to meet with a very nice, handsome gentleman, with a view to matrimony. She is tall, very pretty, of good family, and an orphan. She would make a very loving wife. A widower not objected to, as she is very, very fond of children. Address—"SUNBEAM," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG MAN, aged 20, would like to correspond with a young lady of a dark complexion, domesticated, and fond of music and children, and having a sweet temper and a loving disposition, with a view to matrimony. Money no object, as advertiser has a salary of £450 per annum. Enclose photo, which will be returned if required. Strictly confidential. Address—"J. A. G.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 20, who will have £600 a year private income when she comes of age, domesticated, cheerful, musical, and a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a gentleman about 25 or 30. She has blue eyes and fair hair, is of medium height, a good figure, a capital dancer, and very accomplished. He must be good-tempered and affectionate; looks, no object, for she does not want a Dude, but a true, manly fellow. The strictest secrecy observed. Address, with photo, "TERPSICHORE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, of good position and independent means, wishes to correspond with a young lady not older than 23, with a view to matrimony. Good looks essential. Please enclose photographs, which will be returned, and address, "A. M. V.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, who is considered very beautiful, golden hair, dark eyes, good figure, and a private income of £800 a year, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman not over 20. Money no object, but must be very good-looking; dark preferred. Enclose photo. Address—"GRACE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 23, tall, very good-looking, in a comfortable position, desires to correspond with a dark, good-looking young lady about 21, with a view to early marriage; must be rather above medium height, musical, and of a loving disposition. Kindly enclose photo. Address—"V. F. A.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 19, considered good-looking, black eyes, very jolly, domesticated, and of middle stature, with an income of £200 a year, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony. He must be dark, jolly, and stout. Photos exchanged. Address—"SARAH," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, who has a private income, and is earning £20 a week, is desirous of corresponding with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Is not particular as to style of beauty, as long as she is young and pretty. No attention paid to letters unless photos are enclosed. Is generally considered a fine young man. Address—"SANDRO," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.*

KILKENNY, *July 5th*, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a letter from one of the recruits of the Derbyshire Regiment It is the life of an old-fashioned recruit, who enlisted in the 45th Derbyshire Regiment for seven long years, and five in the Army Reserve, he was kept at the Depôt for about three months, but he was only on a pound and a half of bread there a day, so they sent him up with a draft to the regiment now at Kilkenny, where he is on his extra half pound, which makes him two pounds a day, so he can manage on that. He was posted to Letter B Company, but that Company being on detachment he was attached to E Company, under a sound Colour Serjeant. But a Regimental Sergeant was in charge of the room in which he stopped, and he got him three days for eating his half pound before dinner time, that is, when they have to parade. Then E Company, going on detachment, he was posted to letter A Company, under a grand old Colour Serjeant, who said he would make him a soldier or he would break his heart, but he went on very well having only three crimes, which rum demolishes; when he had been in the Company a little while he was sent down to the Curragh Camp to fire his recruits course of musketry, in which he got one hundred and thirteen points out of eighty rounds. Not bad at all, considering, and when they had done he was sent back again to the regiment, where he is now and where he is likely to stop; so he thinks that is all this time. Hoping you will find a place for it in your Paper next week.—(Signed) Half a pound of extra Bread,

To A. SLOPER, Esq. TOMMY ATKINS.

HAVERINGWELL, ROMFORD, *July 6th*, 1886.

DEAR ALLY,—Probably you have never heard of your valuable paper being used as a "medicine." For the last two or three months a friend of mine has been suffering from lowness of spirit, and took Doctors' medicine which did him very little good. However, I advised him to take in a comical paper, saying yours was the best. He did so, and after a few weeks was as jolly as myself. I, of course, put his cure down to your paper. I need not say that my friend will "stick" to your paper. Love to Tootsie.

I remain, yours truly, J. W. GROUT.

68 TEVIOT STREET, BROMLEY, E., *July 7th*, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent issue of your most wonderful and amusing paper mention is made of H.M.'s ship *Benbow* having been built at Messrs. Samuda Bros. yard. This is incorrect, as the vessel in question was built, and is now being outfitted, by the Thames Ironworks and Ship-building Company, Limited, of Orchard Yard, Blackwall. I think I am entitled to the Award of Merit, as it is a most unusual thing for you to make any mistake. Wishing you may have a long and prosperous career. Yours faithfully,

ALLY SLOPER, Esq. HENRY S. RUDD.

CURRAGH CAMP, IRELAND, *July 7th*, 1886.

DEAR SLOPER,—Having taken in your paper for the last four months, I was very much surprised to read a letter that came from the Chief of the Baralongs, at Mafiken, South Africa, for no later than last December I came home from that country, and last June twelve months was helping to build a church for Montsioa, and often passed the time of day to him. The church was built of sandstone and brick, and the laying of the foundation stone was a sight perhaps a man might not see again in his life's travels. The first stone was laid by Sir C. Warren, the second by Montsioa, and the third and fourth by his sons; and the singing of the Baralongs was beautiful. Lots of love for Tootsie, as I think she always looks very nice, and believe me to remain, yours,

O. B. TAYLOR, Sapper, Royal Engineers.

2 MIDFORD PLACE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W., *July 8th*, 1886.

BELOVED ALLY,—Idol of my youth, friend of my maturer years, and solace of my declining days, the pipe I wrote for, the bowl of which so faithfully embodies thy boozeful, if not strictly beautiful, kite, has arrived safely, with the exception of one cerulean optic, which I found loose in the box,* the loss of which imparted a most diabolical squint to thine otherwise benevolent physog. Please accept my sincere thanks for a keepsake which I shall ever, etc., while life and reason, etc., etc., as a memento of many pleasant half-holidays spent in the company of thyself, and thine esteemed, if somewhat shady, family. If you know anything strong enough to overpower the smell of unsweetened, which must have become a second nature, take it, and kiss Tootsie for me, and believe me,

Ever thine own, WALTER VERNON.

* I stuck it in with plaster of Paris.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1 : 1 : 0 *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been presented to*

E. R. FRICKER, Lammas House, South Hackney Common,

for the best Thirteen Lines of Verse, printed hereunder, on

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

QUEEN VICTORIA! Queen and Empress,
UNIVERSAL is thy sway.
EVERY loyal heart adores thee,
EACH should bless thy Royal way.
NE'ER was such an Empress known—
SLOPER!!! ENGLAND!!! "hold your own."

JUSTICE is Victoria's motto,
UNITY and peace for all.
BRITAIN ruled by such a ruler,
IN its strength will never fall.
LOVE with honour ever shown,
ENGLAND is Victoria's throne—
ENGLAND!!! SLOPER!!! "hold your own."

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A CERTAIN celebrated sculptor's talents are said to be so infectious, that even the people who sit to him make faces.

IT'S very odd that a sovereign should be under a crown.

PERSONS who cannot stick to their oaths ought to swear by gum.

EXTRAORDINARY MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—The married man who stopped out late the other night found a flea in his ear when he got home.

HALF-PAY officers are generally of retiring dispositions.

THE truest history-book ALLY ever bought *lies* on a shelf at this present moment.

A MAN OF MANY PARTS—The hawker of an Encyclopædia.

SOME ballet-girls are puzzles—some are *posers*.

A CATASTROPHE.—A party of Americans went hunting, and, after three days' sport, returned with nought but a cat, as trophy.

NUT-CRACKERS—Shillelaghs.

ADVICE TO FAIR ANGLERS—Don't fish for compliments.

ASS-ASSINATION—Donkey slaughter.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S PRAYER—Leave me a-loan, will you?

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON—A feat of arms.

WHY is it dangerous to take a *nap* when travelling?—Because the train runs over sleepers.

Do you consider the style of Queen Elizabeth's dress could be improved? Most decidedly. We should say there might be great ruff-formation!

THE SKULL HUNTERS: A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY CAPTAIN RAYNE MEADE.

(Commenced in No. 107.)

CHAPTER XIII. *(Continued.)*

THE TENTS OF TORTURE.

SHE wore leather moke-assins, such as are in use among Indian ass-ass-ins in general, perfectly bead-izened with beads of all kinds, especially bugles, which of course gave them rather a loud appearance. In short, her costume exactly corresponded with the fashion plates in *Le Follet des Prairies*, which, as every reader knows, is published on the 32nd of each month.

About to amputate the back hair.

This remarkable woman looked daggers—including the sheaths—at Isabella and myself; and in her hand she held a gun, which showed that her intentions were not pacific—probably they were Atlantic.

I found she was related to the renowned chief, Hoo-kee-waw-ka, surnamed the Humbug of the Rocky Mountains, and was likewise betrothed to the great Wanderoga.

The latter warrior, regardless alike of the dark looks of his *fiancée* and the light in which she regarded him, shortly afterwards entered the tent. He had made his toilet, and a considerable toil-it must have been to him. He had on a fresh coat of paint, and a waistcoat of the same material, ornamented with the pattern popularly known as His Satanic Majesty's tattoo, together with several other designs in the pre-Raphaelite style. His hair had been brushed by machinery, and his manners polished with patent blacking. His language was that of one deep in love and Lindley Murray.

"Fairest Isabella!" he cried, flinging himself at her feet, "long have I been paying my addresses—though the bill was not sent in—vouchsafe, however, to say you will return my affection."

"Avaunt!" she cried; "thy bones are marrow——"

"Less," he replied, "very much less, fair Señora. But why this rejectiousness and contemptuosity? I love thee with an affection that is killing me by inches—if not yards. Say thou wilt be mine, and the whole of my wealth—principally consisting of scalps and wampum belts—shall be poured at thy feet. For thee will I kill the biggest buffaloes, the cantankerest jaguars. All the rank and fashion of the neighbouring tribes shall do thee homage, and thou shalt have a box at every opera house in the prairie."

"Never!" she replied. "Ugly as thou mayst be, thou art not the complete object of my affections. Wanderoga, I can never be thine. Therefore, wander, ogre, from my presence for ever!"

The proud chief sprang to his feet, mauve with rage.

"False one, I will be avenged!" he cried. "What, ho! let her back hair be instantly amputated. Let the operation be as painful as possible. Hither, ye torturers!"

He quitted the tent, and the Indian maiden came forward with an expression of ecstasy, and a dance of delight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEDICINE WOMAN.

"YAR-YAR!" yelled the Indian maiden, "this then is my revenge! What! shall a daughter of the pale-faces approach the presence of an Indianess otherwise than on all-fours, and not be crucified? No, no. She must be sacrificed, and thou, too, pale-faced chief, on the altar of the great Mumbo Jumbo, whom we worship."

"And is that the 'divinity' that is to 'shape our ends'?" I asked scornfully.

"Blasphemite!" exclaimed the medicine-woman, "dare to repeat those words and thou shalt be ground to pieces in a Stuart Mill."

At this moment the torturers rushed in, headed by the terrible chief, Hoo-kee-waw-ka, a man who seemed to breathe, as it were, an atmosphere of blood, and whose deeds of murder were brought out in weekly numbers.

O horror! the torturers bring the fatal scissors, the murderous comb!

They are about to amputate the back hair of the guileless Isabella. And I—I was to witness the frightful sacrifice!! The excruciating agony of the thought was too horrible to endure. I started up with a shriek of despair, and strove to shut out the murderous scene with my hands; and then, faint with anguish and excitement, sank back into the arms of my captors.

* * *

Commenced blazing away at it.

When I recovered, all was over. The sacrifice had been made, the victim immolated, and the medicine-woman, with a howl of triumph, held aloft the persecuted and blighted back hair.

And to add even to these horrors, Donna Isabella was hung up to the side of the tent by her remaining tresses, each particular hair made to stand on end and tied carefully around the rafters that supported the roof.

The fearful chief, Hoo-kee-waw-ka, came forward and seized me, and handed me over to his followers. Then they fastened me to the wall with tin-tacks, painted the likeness of General Booth on my unprotected heart, and commenced blazing away at it.

Heavens! what a fate! What would be the end of it? Would it justify the means?

(To be continued in our next.)

ONE OF NEPTUNE'S SYRENS.
To be seen only in certain seasons at a quiet little corner on the Devon Coast.

MRS. GORGER AT GOODWOOD ON CUP DAY.
"I don't know where they've all got to; but I know where the hamper is, and me and it don't part company till after lunch."

ODD-FELLOWS.
"Lor', Bill! I've got my foot in a fox-trap. Help us, quick!" "What, Tummus, when I'm on the sick list, and you secrety of our Friendly Society! Not if I knows it, lad. You'd go stopping my 'lowance. Morning, Tummus; see ye s'evenin'."

THE ELDER NOT IN IT.

1. "Gidnes me," said the Muckle Laird, "if there isna that scoondril McNab defying me on me ain ilk."

2. The Laird having a lively recollection of last interview with the worthy elder, keeps at respectful distance. "Hi, hi, McNab! gan away—gan away, ye scoondril!"

3. "Ah ask ye civilly tae get aff at once."

4. "Will ye ger aff ma ilk?"

5. "A'll chok ye if ye dinna git aff. Ah—c-c-canna sta-and—this—m-much—l-l-longer——"

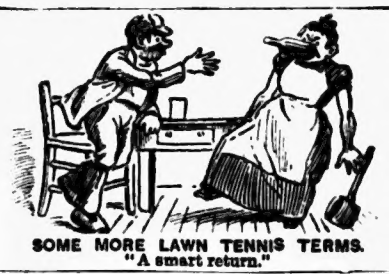
6. And he couldn't and didn't, so he *went for* the intruder.

7. "A'll dae for ye this time."

8. "*Gur-r-r-r-r-ih! Gur-r-r-r-r-rah!!*"

9. "It strikes me," said the old man, "that I've been making a fool o' meself this time."
[*It's but a scarecrow after all.*

BRIGHTON ARTFULNESS.
No, this little thing has not been to bathe. You know, the sea-water spoils the complexion; but she has very, very nice back-hair, and she knows it, and takes a walk on the Parade in the morning with a bath towel in her hand. And who shall blame her, pray?



SOME MORE LAWN TENNIS TERMS.
"A smart return."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.
Here is the sentimental Alonzo gazing in rapture upon a small footprint which he supposes to belong to the Imogen of his affections. But the large ones were hers.

A DOMESTIC REVELATION.
Nice Boy. I'm jolly glad you're going to stop with us.
Visitor. Are you, darling? Why so?
Nice Boy. 'Cause we shall have nice dinners now.

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FRIENDS OF SLOPER'S.

No. 1.—SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, Bart.

"Master Dilke upset the milk,
When taking it home to Chelsea."—*Modern Song.*

**** To enable us to give the Gratis Supplement,* "CHARLIE DILKE," *with this week's Number, the Special Plate,* "A CABINET COUNCIL," *and* A. SLOPER'S MANIFESTO, No. 2, *is postponed until August 21st.*

BEING A
Vol. I
W.G.B
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